

*The History of*

the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy; though he be dead, how if hee should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfeit: therefore ile make him sure, yea, & ile sweare I kilde him. VVhy may not he rise as wel as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.*

*Prin.* Come brother Iohn, shal brauely hast thou sleight Thy maiden sword.

*Iohn.* But soft, whome haue we here?  
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I saw him dead,  
Breathles and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?  
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?  
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes  
VVithout our eares, thou art not what thou seemst,

*Fal.* No, thats certaine, I am not a double man. but if I bee not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a Lacke: there is Percie, if your Father will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next Percy himselfe: I looke to be eyther Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

*Prin.* VVhy Percy I kilde my selfe, and saw thee deade.

*Fal.* Didst thou? Lord, Lerd, how this world is giuen to lying: I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and so was he, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought along howre by Shrewsburie clocke, if I may bee beleued, so: if not, let them that should reward valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, and would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my sword.

*Iohn.* This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

*Prin.* This is the strangest fellow, brother Iohn,  
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For

*Henry the fourth.*

For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,  
Ile guilde it with the happiest termes I haue.

*A retreat is sounded.*

*Prin.* The trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours,  
Come brother lets to the highest of the field  
To see what friends are liuing, who are dead.

*Exeunt.*

*Fal.* Ile follow as they say for reward. He that rewardes mee,  
God reward him. If I do grow great, Ile grow lesse, for ile  
purge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a nobleman should  
doe.

*Exit.*

*The trumpets sound, Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord  
Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester  
and Vernon prisoners.*

*King.* Thus euer did rebellion find rebuke,  
Ill spirited Worcester, did not we send grace,  
Pardon and terms of loue to all of you?  
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,  
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?  
Three knights vpon our party slaine to day,  
A noble Earle, and many a creature else,  
Had beene aliue this houre,  
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I haue done, my safety vrgde me to  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be auoided, it falls on me.

*K.* Beare Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:  
Other Offenders we will pause vpon,  
How goes the field?

*Prin.* The noble Scot, Lord Douglas when he saw  
The fortune of the day quit turned from him,  
Thenoble Percy slaine, and all his men,  
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest,  
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiзд,  
That the pursuers tooke him. At my tent,  
The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace,  
I may dispose of him.

*King*